# MY AMIE

Written by Paul Kuniholm | 75-Cell Storyboard

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| **P1**<br>**PROLOGUE**<br>A carrier pigeon lands, bearing a message from an anonymous roost. Savage reads the warning in dim light. | **P2**<br>**PROLOGUE**<br>The note names Lampre as the threat. Wylene's artist residency endowment is the target. | **P3**<br>**PROLOGUE**<br>Flashback: Lampre swindles Wylene into buying an exorbitant pro 3D printer under false pretenses. | **P4**<br>**PROLOGUE**<br>Lampre's workshop. The 3D printer hums, producing counterfeit conch shells indistinguishable from real ones. | **P5**<br>**PROLOGUE**<br>Tourist-trap gift shops under Lampre's iron-fist racket display the fake conchs prominently. |
| **P6**<br>**PROLOGUE**<br>The pigeon post also bears news: VRtexa's sister, the Doppelganger, has vanished without a trace. | **P7**<br>**PROLOGUE**<br>Savage studies the two messages side by side. The connection between the disappearance and Lampre is unclear. | **P8**<br>**PROLOGUE**<br>Savage packs his bag. He is already en route to the artist residency. The warning arrives just in time. | **P9**<br>**PROLOGUE**<br>Wide shot: Savage on the road, the residency silhouetted ahead. The pigeon wheels away into darkening sky. | **1A**<br>**SCENE 1**<br>Night. Savage arrives at his billet. He uses the key LaraPo mailed — Wylene has changed the locks. |
| **1B**<br>**SCENE 1**<br>Savage steps inside. The billet is spare but serviceable. The residency grounds hum with uneasy quiet. | **1C**<br>**SCENE 1**<br>South window: a bombed-out housing project looms. Peeling facades. Dark windows. Urban ruin. | **1D**<br>**SCENE 1**<br>West window: moonlit egret standing still. A golf cart idles nearby. A worker — TryAdze — reaches into his lunchbox. | **1E**<br>**SCENE 1**<br>Close-up: TryAdze feeds sardines to the egret, one by one. The bird accepts each with perfect composure. | **1F**<br>**SCENE 1**<br>TryAdze glances up. His eyes find Savage's silhouette in the window. A moment of mutual acknowledgment. |
| **1G**<br>**SCENE 1**<br>Savage lets the curtain fall. He stands in darkness, processing. The petty crimes, the changed locks — all Lampre's doing. | **1H**<br>**SCENE 1**<br>Savage unpacks deliberately. Each item placed with purpose. He is preparing to work — and to resist. | **1I**<br>**SCENE 1**<br>Final beat: Savage at the window again. The egret is gone. TryAdze drives the golf cart slowly into shadow. | **2A**<br>**SCENE 2**<br>Morning. Savage assembles sheets of Sintra — rigid PVC stock — across the billet floor. A new material, a new approach. | **2B**<br>**SCENE 2**<br>He lays stencils: alligator, panther, butterfly. Cut forms inspired by last night's egret encounter. |
| **2C**<br>**SCENE 2**<br>Rattlecan lacquer hisses. Colors bloom across the Sintra. A rapid, instinctive production line takes shape. | **2D**<br>**SCENE 2**<br>Health concern: fumes build. Savage relocates the line to an adjacent concrete slab, visible to passersby. | **2E**<br>**SCENE 2**<br>Darrea walks past. She notices Savage spraying, pauses, drawn by the work. Her smile flashes. | **2F**<br>**SCENE 2**<br>Savage opens the gate. Darrea steps inside the working space. They examine the prints together, close. | **2G**<br>**SCENE 2**<br>Each consumes the other's visual information — art and attraction interwoven. Hand finds hand. |

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| **2H**<br>**SCENE 2**<br>Interior: Savage's billet. The couple retire together. Passion rises. | **2I**<br>**SCENE 2**<br>In the aftermath, Darrea confesses in the dark: she is part of Lampre's criminal enterprise. | **3A**<br>**SCENE 3**<br>Morning light. Savage wakes alone in the billet. The space where Darrea lay is empty. | **3B**<br>**SCENE 3**<br>A knock. Savage opens the door to Ilkus, who stands holding a small kitten against his chest. | **3C**<br>**SCENE 3**<br>Ilkus speaks with a guileless enthusiasm that immediately registers as naivete. Savage makes a silent mental note. |
| **3D**<br>**SCENE 3**<br>The two walk together toward the residency stakeholders' meeting. The kitten rides in Ilkus's arms. | **3E**<br>**SCENE 3**<br>The meeting room. Stakeholders, curators, tycoons arranged around a table. Presentation underway. | **3F**<br>**SCENE 3**<br>Ilkus blurts his proposal: a new mural, painted by Savage and Ilkus, facing the existing Diego Rivera work. | **3G**<br>**SCENE 3**<br>Savage's hand moves to intervene — too late. The words are out. The room stirs. | **3H**<br>**SCENE 3**<br>A tycoon leaps up. He endorses the scheme with theatrical fervor and pledges a generous budget on the spot. |
| **3I**<br>**SCENE 3**<br>Wide shot: the venerated wall substrate, awaiting transformation. Savage contemplates the commitment now made. | **4A**<br>**SCENE 4**<br>The mural site. Scaffold, brushes, prepared surface. Savage and Ilkus at work. Salvetor is nowhere. | **4B**<br>**SCENE 4**<br>Savage checks the time. He has managed his solar exposure carefully — his own discipline noted against another's absence. | **4C**<br>**SCENE 4**<br>A limo pulls up poorly concealed around the corner. Savage watches from the corner of his eye. | **4D**<br>**SCENE 4**<br>Salvetor climbs out, late, to-go bowl in hand: ceviche and a side of psilocybin biscuits, consumed without apology. |
| **4E**<br>**SCENE 4**<br>Salvetor arrives at the mural site with a flimsy alibi. His explanation inflates to cover Ilkus's underachievement too. | **4F**<br>**SCENE 4**<br>Savage announces his departure — measured, noting his greater contribution to the collaborative work. No argument offered. | **4G**<br>**SCENE 4**<br>Savage walks the route home on foot. The city passes around him: texture, heat, the residency receding. | **4H**<br>**SCENE 4**<br>Glancing back: the limo is moving. Ilkus and Salvetor climb in. The vehicle glides away from the mural. | **4I**<br>**SCENE 4**<br>Savage continues walking. Expression unreadable. The gap between effort and inheritance noted, filed away. |
| **5A**<br>**SCENE 5**<br>Another pigeon arrives. LaraPo's message: Lampre plans to seize Wylene's board of directors once and for all. | **5B**<br>**SCENE 5**<br>The method: falsified CGI edits inserted into surveillance camera footage to impugn board members' reputations. | **5C**<br>**SCENE 5**<br>Savage absorbs this. The iron-curtain playbook — forged evidence, manufactured disgrace. Bureaucratic poison. | **5D**<br>**SCENE 5**<br>Darrea appears. She knows the location of Lampre's nerve center. The knowledge has a price. Conditions are set. | **5E**<br>**SCENE 5**<br>Savage accepts. Hand in hand, they enter an alley behind a Japanese grill restaurant. The door is unmarked. |

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| **5F**<br>**SCENE 5**<br>Interior: warm light, grill smoke, the scent of charcoal and citrus. The restaurant hides its upper levels. | **5G**<br>**SCENE 5**<br>Savage scans the room as they enter. Staff move without acknowledging them. Something orchestrated about the calm. | **5H**<br>**SCENE 5**<br>Darrea leads him toward a back staircase. The nerve center is above. The exchange of knowledge complete. | **5I**<br>**SCENE 5**<br>Savage glances at the dining room before ascending. The pieces are converging. He can feel the clock. | **6A**<br>**SCENE 6**<br>Upstairs room. Dim, disused. A closed-circuit monitor still active from its poker-game days flickers on the wall. |
| **6B**<br>**SCENE 6**<br>Savage and Darrea settle onto a couch. The screen shows angles of the restaurant below. | **6C**<br>**SCENE 6**<br>Darrea absentmindedly twirls Savage's chest hair. Both watch the monitor. Waiting. | **6D**<br>**SCENE 6**<br>Lampre enters the camera's frame below. Savage's posture tightens imperceptibly. He watches without moving. | **6E**<br>**SCENE 6**<br>Savage dresses. He kisses Darrea and descends the stairs alone toward the restaurant floor. | **6F**<br>**SCENE 6**<br>At the grill: a chef flings a calamari ring through the air. Savage catches it mid-flight. He eats it — delicious. |
| **6G**<br>**SCENE 6**<br>Savage's gaze finds Wylene and Lampre seated together. Wylene's face carries anguish. Lampre eats without concern. | **6H**<br>**SCENE 6**<br>Savage looks back at the chef. Recognition hits: it is TryAdze — the sardine-feeding gardener — behind the grill. | **6I**<br>**SCENE 6**<br>Savage positions himself unseen, watching both Wylene's distress and Lampre's ease from across the room. | **7A**<br>**SCENE 7**<br>Savage remains in shadow. A waiter delivers dishes to Wylene and Lampre's table. The spread is lavish. | **7B**<br>**SCENE 7**<br>Lampre eats with gluttonous fervor — each dish consumed with theatrical excess. Wylene barely touches her plate. |
| **7C**<br>**SCENE 7**<br>Darrea descends and joins the table, unaware Savage is watching. She accepts Lampre's invitation to eat freely. | **7D**<br>**SCENE 7**<br>A dish arrives: puffer fish. Lampre and Darrea consume it with equal enthusiasm. No hesitation. | **7E**<br>**SCENE 7**<br>Almost instantly — both Darrea and Lampre lurch forward. The neurotoxin is many times lethal. They are gone. | **7F**<br>**SCENE 7**<br>The table is still. The restaurant absorbs the shock in frozen silence. | **7G**<br>**SCENE 7**<br>Wylene rises, horrified. Moving from the table, she finds Savage's vantage point. Their eyes meet. |
| **7H**<br>**SCENE 7**<br>Savage consoles Wylene. He reveals Lampre's full guilt — the board manipulation, the forged footage, the swindle. | **7I**<br>**SCENE 7**<br>Wylene concurs quietly. Her suspicions had long mapped this criminality. Now confirmed. Her face shifts from grief to resolve. | **8A**<br>**SCENE 8**<br>Morning. Through the billet curtains: TryAdze feeding the egret again. Ritual restored. The residency breathes. | **8B**<br>**SCENE 8**<br>The billet has become an exhibition space. Wylene, TryAdze, Ilkus, LaraPo, and Salvetor gather among Savage's works. LaraPo announces she must compartmentalize — she can no longer advocate for Savage. Ilkus sets new boundaries, reaching toward independence as an artist. Salvetor, too altered to speak coherently, drifts at the edges. | **8C**<br>**SCENE 8**<br>Savage congratulates TryAdze — the quiet gardener who became the hidden fulcrum — for wresting the residency's sovereignty from Lampre's grasp. Wide shot: the assembled company among the art. Outside, the egret stands in the light. |